Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing.
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to avoyd the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore upon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Raynald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Ramſton*,
Sir *John Norbery*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Brittaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoake,
Iumpe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne, the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides the Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſty looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Ravenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to doe ſo,
Stay and be ſecret and my ſelfe will goe.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, urge doubts to them that feare.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. *Exeu.*

Scena

Scena Sæ

Enter Queene, Buſhy

Buſh. Madam, your Majeſty i
You promis'd when you parted
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heavi
And entertaine a cheerefull diſp
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did
I cannot doe it: yet I know no
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſwe
As my ſweet *Richard*, yet again
Some unborne ſorrow ripe in fo
Is comming towards me, and
With nothing trembles, at ſome
More than with parting from my
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a grie
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelf
For ſorrowes eye glazed with
Divides one thing intire, to m
Like perſpectives, which rightly
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey
Diſtinguiſht forme: ſo your ſw
Looking awry upon your Lords
Find ſhapes of griefe, more then
Which look'd on as it is, is nou
Of what it is not, then thrice-g
More then your Lord departur
Or if it be, tis with falſe ſorrows
Which for things true, weepe th
Qu. It may be ſo, but yet my
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe h
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſa